Prepare for the Huns' Last Efforts. *See page ii. cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 492. SATURDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1915 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 370926

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,300,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

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Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

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NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Nov. 6th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Nov. 6th, 1915. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

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Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature*.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **Nov. 6th, 1915.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

This Useful and Interesting Book

which everyone who loves a baby should possess FREE

To every mother there is no one thing so fascinating, so absorbing, and so important as the health, welfare and future of her baby.

It is the fascinating, intelligent, cuddlesome little chap that is like a bright ray of sunshine, that everybody wants to fondle and carry, and that makes father's daily homecoming a thing to be looked forward to with joy. That's the kind of baby neighbours greet with a smile of welcome, and strangers turn to look at and say, with envious pride, "What a lovely baby! What a fortunate mother!" That's the kind of baby your baby must be, and that's just where the Glaxo Baby Book can help you. Look at the index—read one of the pages which we quote here. It will convince you that the book is more about babies than Glaxo, full of hints and information every mother wants to-day and every day.

CONVULSIONS

...here are slight twitchings of ...d fingers. There may be a ...is may turn up, and there may ... body becomes rigid, the limbs ...ched, and the head thrown back. ...hich has been held, is resumed, ... becomes relaxed again, and the ...ap, or may merely be drowsy for ...is old self again. The symptoms ...inexperienced mother, but there is ... to lose her presence of mind.

...n feeding, irritation from the teeth, ...foreign bodies in the ears, or similar ...he nose, adenoids, excessive crying, or ...ping Cough, the onset of some acute ...are really innumerable conditions which ...r an attack.

Tre... ...e doctor at once. Whilst he is coming ...loosen ...ing, quickly give the baby a warm bath with the water at a temperature of 100°F., sponge the head with cold water. The doctor will order suitable medicine. In all cases it is wise to secure a full clearance of the bowels by a dose of castor-oil, after which the child may be put to bed.

CROUP

Symptoms.—A sudden attack of breathlessness and harsh cough, usually occurring at night, and most common between the ages of one and four years. It must not be confused with the condition still known as "Membranous Croup," which is due to Diphtheria. The child goes to bed apparently well, and in the middle of the night is wakened by great difficulty in drawing its breath, and this is accompanied by a harsh, metallic cough. Later on he becomes livid, and has to struggle for air. At times convulsions may ensue. The seizure does not last long, but it may occur next night.

Treatment.—Send for the doctor at once, and whilst he is coming wring out a sponge in hot water and put it on the outside of the throat. This will give almost instantaneous relief, and will often obviate the necessity of a warm bath, which takes much longer to prepare. A teaspoonful of ipecacuanha wine may be given to make him vomit, and repeated if necessary.

There are 24 pages such as this dealing with complaints alone.

Every mother knows that the health and happiness of baby's future depend largely upon how he is cared for and fed during the first year or two of life. It is this fact that has brought into being during recent years the various Municipal Milk Depots, Schools for Mothers, Mothers' Welcomes, Infant Clinics and other official bodies, whose main object is to improve babies' chances of growing up into healthy, youthful men and women. The extensive use made of Glaxo by these official bodies (one alone having purchased over 100,000 lbs.), and the fact that Glaxo is used in the Royal Households of Italy and Spain, and has secured the Gold Medal at the International Medical Congress, proves that Glaxo does serve a useful purpose wherever breast milk is absent or insufficient in quantity or quality, and encourages the proprietors in the conviction that the production of anything so vital to the well-being of the race as an infant food such as Glaxo, carries with it responsibilities beyond the ordinary commercial obligations.

It is in this spirit that the new Glaxo Baby Book has been produced, and that it will be found to be of practical, every-day value to every mother and father of a baby, to every nurse, and, indeed, to "Everyone Who Loves a Baby," the proprietors of Glaxo have every confidence.

It does not matter whether your baby is being fed on Glaxo or not, for this book is offered Free to *everyone who loves a baby*—whether mother, father, nurse, relative, or friend. Simply fill in this Coupon and post it to us To-day.

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These are subjects that interest Everyone who loves a baby.

SEND THIS COUPON

or a Postcard TO-DAY, to

GLAXO, 45R, KING'S ROAD, ST. PANCRAS, N.W.

Please send me a copy of the 96-Page Edition of the GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to Everybody who Loves a Baby.

My Name is .....

.....

My Address is .....

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My Chemist is .....

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His Address is .....

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If 3d (stamps) is enclosed a Trial Tin of Glaxo will also be sent to you.

I INTEND TO USE GLAXO (1) *To Improve Breast Milk.* (2) *In Turn with Breast Milk.* (3) *As a Complete Food for Baby.* (*Strike out the uses that do not apply to you.*)

JOHN BULL, 6.11.15

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

In this time of supreme national trial, every man and woman must be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free and without obligation on your part if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

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26, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Business Training	—Coal & Metal Mining
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—Salesmanship	—Draughtsmanship
—Shopkeeping	—Electrical Engineering
—Advertising	—Architecture & Building
—Boiler Engineering	—Civil Service Positions
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—Industrial Chemistry	—Woodworking
—Textile Manufacturing	—Foreign Languages
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Special.—ENGINEERING TRAINING FOR MUNITION WORKERS.

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

£5,800 in Prizes

And SO easy!!!

Whoever you are—*wherever* you are—you have an equal opportunity with everyone else to secure a big prize

This competition will be equally divided over seven separate districts in GREAT BRITAIN. (For Ireland there is a separate competition.) In *each* district will be awarded

1st Prize, £200

2nd Prize,	£100	5 Prizes of		£5	each
3rd "	£50	40 "		£1	"
4th "	£25	250 "		10/-	"
5th "	£10	400 "		5/-	"

1,000 Boxes of Chocolates, 2/6 each

Simply send your estimate of the number of tins of Nestlé's Milk sold in your district during the 12 Months ending November 30, 1915

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Your own Grocer will give you, free, a handbill with full instructions for your district, together with figures showing the exact sales in your district for 1913 and 1914. These figures will serve as a very valuable guide in estimating.

Don't Delay! Send in your estimate at once—in any case not later than NOON, NOV. 30, 1915,

to the address given on the handbill for your district

HOW TO COMPETE.—Simply cut off the portion of label on tin of Nestlé's Milk on which is printed the Trade-Mark. On the back write your name and address, and your estimate in plain figures—nothing else.

Every reader of John Bull " should have

THE REVERSIBLE Treasury Note Case.

(Prov. Patent 8022).

The best means of carrying £1 and 10/- Notes. Made in real Leather, with initials in gold, 2/6 post free. Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers—

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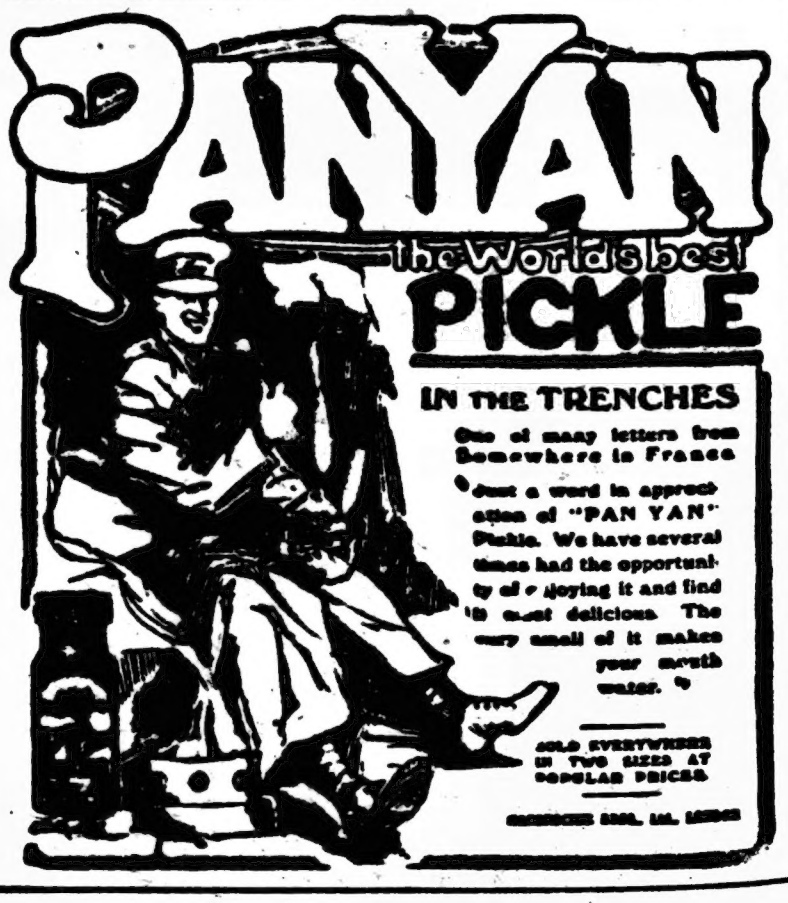

IN THE TRENCHES

One of many letters from Somewhere in France

"Just a word in appreciation of "PAN YAN" Pickle. We have several times had the opportunity of enjoying it and find it most delicious. The very smell of it makes your mouth water."

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TWO SIZES AT POPULAR PRICES

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 492. Week ending Saturday, November 6th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Russia's Day.

Russia, after all, is to have a great "Day"—all to herself. The date is Thursday, November 18th—when the streets will be invaded by the fairest in the land, selling flags and other emblems; whilst in the afternoon there is to be a special matinée at the Alhambra—under the patronage of the King and Queen—with a wonderful Russian programme. And during the interval we shall have the honour of delivering a short address in support of the day's function. More next week.

A Hint to Huddersfield.

Huddersfield has a beautiful Town Hall, which has been recently redecorated. But whilst speaking the other night our eye *would* keep catching sight of the arms of Germany on one side of the building and of Austria on the other. 'Nuff said.

A Correction.

By the way, we have been reported as saying, at a recent meeting, that we had the "authority" of certain Ministers for the statement that conscript soldiers would not have the same terms of service, pay, pension, etc., as the volunteers. What we *did* say was that we had reason to believe that such would be the case. And we have. As a matter of fact, when we saw the report of our speech, we requested a leading London News Agency to send out the above correction.

Court News.

"Sir Claud Schuster had the honour of being received by his Majesty upon his appointment as *Permanent* Secretary to the Lord Chancellor and Clerk of the Crown." That's all.

Our Campaign.

Just back from New Brighton, Wolverhampton, Walsall and Hanley—and now off again, gathering recruits and stimulating the spirit of the people as we go along. At Hanley we have fairly set the Potteries on fire.

An Apology.

We recently pleaded for a Great Preacher—"to weave the tangled spiritual skeins of this war into a pure white garment for the soul of man." And now the Rev. T. Dearlove, speaking at the Winchcombe Baptist Chapel, rebukes us for our "impudence," and bids us "mind our own business." We apologise. When we wrote our article we had quite forgotten Winchcombe.

At His Majesty's.

We are so full up with meetings at present that we are afraid—in answer to many inquiries—that we shall not get to Tree's Tabernacle till about the second Sunday in December.

Who?

Who is the wife of a well-known Minister, who, at a recent dinner party, whilst her husband maintained a sullen silence, was enlarging upon the charming qualities of certain German officers, now prisoners of war, with whom she has been in the habit of playing tennis?

Parsonic Piffle.

And, by the way, here is an extract from a letter, now before us, written a few months ago, when the prisoners of war at Dorchester were about to change their camps—signed by the Rev. R. S. Holmes, Chaplain to the Camp! "I shall be truly sorry," wails this parson, "to lose so many valued friends, whom I visit every day." No wonder the Kaiser laughs at us.

The "V.s" and the "C.s."

Apropos of our suggestion that *if* Compulsory Service comes, the Volunteers should have a "V" and the Conscripts a "C" on their collars, a Commanding Officer points out that this would be unnecessary, as the number allotted to each soldier would indicate the date of his enlistment. No doubt; but we want the *public* to know.

An Official Lead.

From a London paper: "MALE ATTENDANTS WANTED: Single men. Not over 45. With or without experience. —Apply, with testimonials, the Steward, Brislington House Asylum, near Bristol." Not quite the way to save the Voluntary system, is it?

A Twickenham Mystery.

For what purpose is a high hoarding now being erected around King Manuel's house at Strawberry Hill? Local people are wondering what it means.

Premature!

From *Le Matin*, Paris: "LONDRES, 24 Octobre.—Dans un discours qu'il a prononce dans sa circonscription de Hackney, *lord Horatio Bottomley* a déclaré avoir discuter avec lord Derby un nouveau plan de recrutement." O, Lord!

The Latest German "Mode."

From a Swedish paper we gather that, to avoid "waste of material," wide skirts are prohibited and that all cotton dresses are *verboten*. The next order on the Huns will be for the gold stopping in their teeth.

Dark nights are Zeppelin nights. **See page ii of cover.**

Much Appreciated.

From the Rev. Herbert K. Hudson, Vicar of Berden, Essex:—"Please accept a clergyman's appreciation of your splendid article on Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Many years ago there was a controversy in the papers as to whether this type of woman should be allowed to live, and one writer pointed out that 'she came in with Eve and is going out on the Judgment Day.' It has remained for you to point out what *good* such women can do." And this from the Rev. R. W. Dobbie, of Glasgow:—"I cannot refrain from saying to you, an opponent in a small way in former years, I am enjoying your articles very greatly. As a Scottish clergyman, I am much associated with my brethren, and it would do your heart good to hear their praise of you. Your articles are an inspiration to many pulpits, and you should know it. We are under immense obligation to you, hence this note. Go on in the high moral and spiritual tone, and, believe me, you'll do good, in a way not approached by any man in Great Britain." And this from Sir Herbert Tree:—"I have just read your glowing tribute to Nelson and Lady Hamilton. It is a fine thing." So we *are* appreciated, after all!

On the Railway.

At Denbigh twenty-five German officers were observed *en route* to Donington. They were "lounging in most luxurious saloon carriages, smoking cigars, and reading the newspapers, looking more like royal guests than military prisoners, while our soldiers were in attendance upon them, carrying their portmanteaux, etc." So much for the brute Boches. Now consider Sergeant Anderson, of the Royal Scots, suffering from spinal injury as a result of the Gretna railway disaster. He was to be removed to Edinburgh, and they took him to the station in a motor-wagon instead of the proper ambulance van, and he was badly jolted. At the station he was placed in the guard's van on a stretcher, with not even a pillow for his head. For his wife, who accompanied him, there was not a seat. When a fine Scottish sergeant is denied comfort while German swine wallow in luxury, it is high time somebody was made to suffer.

"The Little One's Father."

In a recent issue we told the sad story of little Helen Stephen, of Aberdeen, the child whose father and brother, together with a woman, were charged with assaulting her. The two men were convicted of "disgraceful and cowardly" attacks on a mite of ten years, and were fined—a very inadequate punishment, we thought. We concluded our note on a painful case by asking, "Poor little Helen! What will the coming days bring her?" We are glad now to acknowledge a letter from the Secretary of the Scottish N.S.P.C.C., the prosecutors in the case. They have done more good still by removing the little girl from her father's custody. Helen is now in an Industrial School, where she will be properly brought up, and where kind treatment will be a novelty to her after what she has suffered. Thanks to the Society, Helen's "coming days" will be brighter than we dared to hope.

Freemasons and Germhuns

Though there may be good and sufficient official reasons for suppressing the name of the hotel—which we know—and the men concerned in certain incidents on the last Zeppelin night, there are certainly no good or sufficient reasons why the Masonic craft should not protect themselves against being placed in a false position by the employment of Germhun waiters or managers in hotels where they hold their lodge meetings and other "functions." A lodge of British Masons ought to withdraw from any and every hotel where Germhun servants are employed.

The Sergeant's Letter.

Here followeth, firstly, the short biography of a gallant sergeant in the Rifle Brigade. He fought through the Boer War and the Zulu Rebellion. With his wife and four children he came to England in October, 1914, so that he might volunteer for service in France. In November he was in the trenches, and he was in them most of the time until April last, when he was wounded at the battle of Ypres. He is now crippled for life, having had his left leg amputated, while his right foot is severely injured. Such is the brief, but brilliant, record. And now followeth, secondly, the statement of that which hath moved him to communicate with us. By the early post the other morning he received a letter from Lord Derby asking him to consider his position, and whether he thought he was doing his duty to his King and country! The gallant sergeant is good fellow enough to see the humour of such a "mistake," but it is a deplorable blunder that could not have occurred had the Registration forms been drawn up better.

A Salvationist Slip.

Sweet music is discoursed by Salvation Army bands when and where they list, and nobody dares say them nay. We must grin and bear it—and go away before the hat comes round, for collecting money in the public streets is another privilege not denied to the Salvationists. But we think the Army should be careful whom they solicit in their cadging pushfulness. At Plymouth we hear of a wounded soldier, "obviously a very bad case," being removed to an ambulance outside a hospital while a street sing-song was in progress. The noise of the band was not diminished out of pity for the sufferer; instead, the collectors detached themselves from the meeting and had the effrontery to hold their hats for alms to the nurses and orderlies who were tending the wounded one.

Another Hen-roost.

In his efforts to augment the public revenue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer might well turn his attention to the Co-operative movement, which, after all, is primarily a commercial enterprise. Up till now this vast trading concern has been permitted to escape the burden of income-tax, although its annual turnover is said to amount to upwards of one hundred million pounds. The grounds of this exemption are not easy to discover, and there is a strong feeling in business circles that in overlooking such an important source of revenue the Chancellor has failed in his duty to the general body of taxpayers. The sales of the various Co-operative Societies are not confined to their own members, while it may fairly be argued that the whole of their profits have arisen from successful competition with heavily taxed private traders. Now, Mr. McKenna!

Little Dinners at Westminster.

It is rather good news to learn that Members of Parliament have, in the interests of economy, taken one small step towards setting their own House in order. Our praise is but sparing, because their promise is so small. What they propose to do is to consider whether, this year, the poor tax-payer shall continue to pay for a portion of the dinners they consume. Members who draw £400 a year, voted by themselves to themselves, pay so little for what they eat that there is an annual deficit in the kitchen accounts, and this is always made good from the public treasury—a grant that is also voted by themselves. The Members are going to "consider" whether they will withdraw the grant during the war. A proper sense of justice, if not of shame, would lead them to abolish the grant altogether, and pay full price for the chops and steaks they now get "on the cheap."

Win your Xmas Turkey by making a "Bullet."

Kendal Caught Napping.

The landlord of the "George and Dragon," at Kendal, having soldiers billeted upon him, was kind enough and thoughtful enough to allot them a private room, where they could eat, and talk, and write, and keep their things, and, incidentally, where they could retire from the temptations of the public rooms and the bar. Three troopers, feeling themselves "at home," as they say, played a little game of nap together, but their innocent amusement had not lasted more than ten minutes when the Kendal police dropped on them. "Come in," said the soldiers, cheerfully. There was no drink being consumed, and none had been served, but the sergeant was welcome to enter, albeit the room was a private one. The policeman duly noted the cards and about a shilling on the table, for the troopers, in their innocence, never dreamed of disguise. The police might have said, "Now, boys, you must not play cards." But they summoned the landlord instead, a man with a clean licence for thirty years, and put him to a big expense in defending himself for having made his soldier guests comfortable. We are glad the Bench dismissed the case, and we regret the meddlesome thick-headedness of the Kendal police.

"The Soldier's Cough."

Some weeks ago we told the story of a soldier lad of Trewern, near Welshpool, who, invalided home after Neuve Chapelle, attended the little church of his childhood before returning to the firing line. We told how, racked with pain, he coughed in church; and how the Minister, the Rev. John Jenkins, first glared at him, and then called out, in loud, peremptory tones, "Stop that!" The soldier lad, knowing it was beyond his power to "stop it," got up and quietly left the church, cut to the soul. We now deeply regret to hear that the poor fellow—Private Turner—has been wounded, and must lose his leg, while his brother has been killed. And we are wondering, when the poor, gallant lad is fitted with a false limb, when he shall again came home and visit the church he loves, and when he walks down the aisle with a leg that makes an honourable echo—we are, we say, wondering whether the Rev. Mr. Jenkins will again cry, "Stop that!"

A False Picture.

It is not to be wondered at that there is so much misconception regarding conditions at the front, when a London paper permits itself to print such an untruth as this: "I hear that in the British trenches, 80 yards behind the firing line, there are now kinema shows every night, as well as concerts, while in the first line of trenches a four-course dinner is served." The only singing heard in the trenches "80 yards behind the firing line" is the song of the bullets—the singing of lead; and it is a great pity that the truth should be handled so carelessly when the matter is so serious. Soldiers who are doing the fighting feel acutely such light-minded statements, made at haphazard, foolishly and ignorantly.

German Emperor's Statue in London.

It appears there is standing in London a statue to a German Emperor; to be precise, on the lawn at the south side of Kensington Palace. It was a gift to the British nation from William II., German Emperor, King of Prussia, and Hun the All-Highest. It is described as a "brazen statue," therefore it accords with the brazen cheek of the arch-hound who had the presumption to present it for erection on the site it now occupies, and which it should occupy no longer. A correspondent who calls attention to the atrocity suggests it should be melted down and returned. Melt it down by all means—and return it in a way that will readily suggest itself.

A Bailie's Argument.

When a Bailie resolves to be addle-pated there is no reasoning him out of it. Bailie Forwell, of Dundee, objected to the renewal of a public-house licence which had been transferred to a Mrs. Wallace on the death of her husband. It was explained that Mr. Wallace had been called up as a reservist, had gone to the front, "but came home suffering from heart desease, and died." Bailie Anderson rightly thought it would be an outrage to take away the licence from the widow, "having regard to the circumstances in which Mr. Wallace lost his life." Still, Mr. Forwell could not see it. "The man did not lose his life in the public-house," he argued. Just exactly what his words meant, or what he intended to imply, we have not the faintest conception. There seems no sense in them, even if read backwards. But Bailie Anderson hit the right nail on the head by urging that Wallace lost his life in the service of his country, and Mrs. Wallace got her licence. May she hold it long, and prosper.

Overtime.

Sheffield City Council expresses its satisfaction with the voluntary services of 800 enumerators in connection with Registration. It then passes to consider Old Age Pensions, and the Committee, apparently having a balance in hand, recommend a distribution of £112 among members of the staff; the remainder, £187, to be retained by the Clerk. The Clerk having also received a sum "for the investigation of the claims of dependents of soldiers and sailors other than wives and children," the Committee allocates £191 to the staff, and £177 "to be retained by the Clerk"—lucky man! To us it appears that Sheffield is very generous in its open-handed, indiscriminate payment of overtime to well-salaried officers. A wide-awake burgess of the City of Steel has compiled a little table of "extra" payments recently made to officials, or "retained" by them. Including the items already mentioned, Sheffield is giving away £786 in these days of economy!

Hendon Way.

The makers of laws should be the last to break them, and a Government-controlled shop should obey the orders of the Government that controls it. But we hear of crying laxity at Hendon, where a large establishment engaged on war work seems to be asking for bombs to drop upon the premises. The roof, we are told, is very largely—almost entirely—covered with glass, and the consequent illumination at night time is enough to "light up the heavens." Hendon is amazed, and fearful for its walls, to say nothing of its lives, and, if the facts are as related, the scandal is one to be immediately remedied. Glass roofs are pleasant things by day, making the busy worker dream of the Crystal Palace on Bank Holiday, but it should be a simple thing to cover up and shut down the electric glare by night.

The Doctors.

Complaint is made of the scarcity of doctors with the colours, but the medical gentlemen urge that the fault is not theirs. A leading specialist in a first-class health resort relates his own experience. Last year he tendered his services for six months, and this year he repeated his offer. And twice he has been told that the authorities cannot accept him unless he signs on for twelve months. In his case this is impossible, for it would entirely ruin his practice, and the same conditions apply to other medical men. "If," he says, "the authorities would only allow us to make our own arrangements, we could keep the hospitals in France supplied all the year round." It certainly seems better to take two good men for six months each than to take none at all for twelve months.

In "Everywoman's Weekly" Mr. Bottomley appeals to all.

The Perfect Patriot.

For perfect patriotism—or the other thing—commend us to Mr. T. E. Rowlands, of Rhondda House, Fenny Stratford. He is a large employer of labour, owner of sawmills, shops, and houses, a Government contractor, and is locally known as a wealthy man. One of his shops in Fenny Stratford has been empty for eight months, and the local Recruiting Officer obtained permission, from the manager of another of Mr. Rowland's premises, to display some recruiting posters in the bare windows. This has led to the receipt by Major Hammans of the following letter from the polite patriot, Rowlands :—" In reply to your favour I shall be pleased to let you use my shop and window for the purpose of displaying posters, etc., provided you agree to pay me 10s. per week for such services, including some three or four weeks that you have already occupied it." The grasping cupidity that seeks to snatch a profit from the country's needs is only equalled by the impertinence of a person capable of such a reply to an officer serving his King.

Oakum for Boys.

The Master of the Workhouse at Whiston has been reported to the Guardians for acting contrary to instructions. It seems that some of the Guardians were visiting the workhouse, when they heard children crying, and investigation showed that two youngsters—one 13 and the other 14, found wandering on the road—had been placed in cells attached to the casual ward and ordered to pick oakum. One Councillor defended this, remarking that " the only alternative to placing the boys in the casual ward was to put them in bed and take their clothes away." This is an astounding proposition, for we can see many other alternatives, one being to send the lads to school, while another would be to lend them a football to kick about while their parents were communicated with. To set them picking oakum like criminals was quite the wrong thing to do, and we are glad the Master's action is to receive the attention of the Local Government Board.

Not First Class.

A circular letter is being sent out by W. H. Whittard and Co., tea importers, of Victoria Warehouse, Mansell Street, London, proffering something they describe as " Staff Tea at 1s. 9d. per pound. An exceptional offer ! ! " It appears they expected a " large Government contract which did not materialise," so they must sell their stock. And this is how those nice, thoughtful gentlemen recommend it : " We do not say this Tea is good enough for your visitors, but it is what our own dear brave lads would have drunk at the Front had we secured the contract." All we can say is that we are heartily glad they did not secure the contract, and, though they expect to be " successful next time," we hope they will be doomed to suffer another disappointment—for the sake of those " dear brave lads " to whom they make such hypocritical reference. The letter reads like a concoction by Uriah Heep, gone into the tea business.

Canada at the Front.

Canadian readers continue to draw our attention to the fact that the native-born Canadian is still very backward in coming to the front. It is not a subject which gives us any pleasure to pursue, and therefore we will content ourselves with quoting some headlines from the *Calgary Herald* respecting a battalion in their midst. " Native Canadians Still Very Slow in Hearing Call," it says. " Figures Show 161 British to 36 Canadians joining the 82nd."

John Bull, Junior.

Naughty boy that he is, we rather like him. Little John Bull is only nine. He lives at Highgate, and a policeman found him on a common, and thought he and a companion were trying to set fire to the grass. Closer inspection showed that Johnny and his chum were only flashing electric torches. More investigation proved that the torches and some other things had been bought by young John with money that did not belong to him ; in fact, the amount, £1 3s. 6d., was the property of a lady teacher, and had been appropriated while she was not looking. That was bad behaviour on the part of our young namesake, and we trust his dad has spanked into him a consciousness of his wrongdoing. What we like about Johnny is his fine, adventurous spirit, a spirit which led him out in the dusk or dark with an electric torch to seek—of course, it must have been so—the German enemy. Some of the money was buried under a tree, while hanging on another were a number of swords, shields, and pistols—to polish off those Germans with. We are glad the Magistrate bound the boy over, and we trust he will grow up a fine lad—not losing his taste for adventure, but nourishing it at his own expense, and developing it for his own success and the good of his country.

Out of Time.

However innocuous may be the activities of the Lord's Day Observance Society in normal times, these are not the days for it to tout for subscriptions. The latest snuffling plea of its Secretary may well be ignored in favour of funds doing necessary work, and anybody with money to spare can readily place it where it will benefit the country and humanity at large instead of swelling the coffers of cant. The Society hints that the command to " keep the Sabbath " must " come before the *oftentimes-supposed* needs of man." The needs of man to-day are not " supposed," they are vital, and must " come before " the begging of a Secretary who says that a man who works seven days a week is tired because he does not rest on Sunday. If the man needs rest, any other day will do equally well. The Society blandly urges, " We have opposed, and with some success, the Sunday newspapers "—which are " a burden to the worker on his day of rest." The worker will be the first to deny the insinuation, which, for reliability, is on a par with the rest of this smug secretarial appeal.

The Children's Eyesight.

Cardiff Secondary Schools are supplying the children with paper to write on, both in school and at home, which is dangerously unsuitable for the purpose. The sheet is covered with close blue lines, downwards and across, producing a multiplicity of spaces each about an eighth of an inch square. These small squares are separated by thicker blue lines into larger squares, and the whole effect is as confusing as a criss-cross pattern or a Scottish tartan. To set children writing on the paper by gaslight as well as daylight is to encourage the sale of spectacles. Education Committees have no right to indulge in fads of this nature at the expense of our children's eyesight. A truly short-sighted policy.

A Moonstruck Meeting.

As a postscript to their circular announcing a meeting of the Hull and District Newsagents', Booksellers' and Stationers' Union the President and Secretary add : " To minimise the risk of interruption the Committee has arranged the meeting when the moon will be at full." We suppose this was in order to prevent his Satanic Majesty from arranging the Zepps when the meeting was at full.

The £1,000 Football prize is yours for the winning.

Insecure Securities.

A persistent form of swindling, exploited almost daily in the columns of the Press, is the advertisement that artlessly asks for some small loan, say £40, only for a few weeks or months, and promises to pay £50 or more for the accommodation. There is always an accompanying offer to deposit security valued at about £100. A man with a little ready money might be tempted to advance the cash in the hope of receiving a large profit quite speedily, and it is just this innocent person whom the advertiser is out to catch. He says truly that "no professional money-lender need apply," because he knows such wily and wary folk would not look at the proferred "security," which is usually an ancient pawn-ticket, for diamond rings, perhaps. But the jewellery is always pledged up to the hilt—to its full value, or beyond it—and the cash advanced upon the ticket may be counted a dead loss. Therefore, shun such adverts.

The Children's Officer.

The County of Hereford advertises, through its School Attendance Committee, for an attendance officer to take charge of Hereford Rural District. There are 63,097 acres to be covered by the officer in the performance of his duties, and no travelling expenses are allowed, so he will have to furnish his own motor-car to get about with. He must give his whole time to the task, and will not be permitted to carry out any other duties, for he will have plenty of work to do for his new masters. Having enumerated what they require from the fortunate gentleman who may be elected to the post, the Committee announce what they are prepared to do for him—and it is precious little. "The salary will be £50 per annum," they say. Imagine the extravagance—less than a pound a week for an educated man to keep himself straight and tidy on, and to feed himself and his wife and family.

Another Funny Name,

A soldier lad at St. Albans entered a recreation room of the Y.M.C.A., and noticed on the shelf a letter with a name upon it that he failed to appreciate. He asked who was the owner of that name, and was informed that the gentleman is the person in charge of all the Y.M.C.A. recreation rooms and tents in the county of Herts. And his name is the Rev. A. T. Reissmann—which is certainly not exactly British in origin. Our young soldier was so annoyed that he left the room and said he should refuse to use it in future. Mr. Reissmann occupies a very responsible position, and mixes with our young soldiers, with the officers, and with the officers' wives. He may be as good as gold, but, as we have said in similar cases, we do not like his name. For positions such as that held by Mr. Reissmann, we have a decided preference for a Smith or a Jones.

Extra Special.

It is a fine thing to be permitted the glorious privilege of serving the nation and one's fellow-countrymen, and to do it with a good heart, free, gratis and for nothing. It is splendid to be a Special Constable, and to put in all your time when ordered, in all weathers, defying colds, 'flues, rheumatism, and everything else, on the high road, by-road, and under draughty railway arches. Especially when you are getting on in years and only your pluck and patriotism help you to do your bit for twelve months on end. But you may be pardoned if you open your eyes slightly in wonder on learning that the Commander in your division is getting a guinea a day, and that three of his assistants are taking 15s., 10s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. per day respectively. It is then that you begin to sigh for promotion.

Medical Law.

A little child, only 4½ years old, was taken ill at a School in Holloway, and had to be fetched home by her mother. By evening time her father became anxious and went for a doctor, "only a few seconds away." Two hours passed, and the doctor did not attend—so the father went back, and then the medical gentleman definitely refused to come. So, through the dark streets, the anxious, worried man tramped for an hour before he could find a doctor willing to accompany him. The little life passed away at seven next morning, from syncope. The grieved—and aggrieved—parent complained in the Coroner's Court about the doctor who refused to come, though the distance was but a few yards, and the Coroner said that a medical man was not bound to go if he did not wish. Well, that may be the law of it, but the humanity seems more than a little lacking. We wish that doctor had gone—and perhaps he does, now.

A Hero in Leeds.

Sergeant Smith, being in Leeds, met a friend, and was offered refreshments. He is a teetotaler, and an adjournment to a café was suggested. So the friends went to the Grand Restaurant, where they were informed, by an attendant and by the proprietor, that the civilian could be served, but not the sergeant. The reason given was that Sergeant Smith is a Jew. He is. Let us also add that he is Sergeant Issy Smith, V.C., a very gallant young soldier upon whom it was the King's pleasure to bestow the highest honour that a soldier can receive. Sergeant Issy Smith, a London Hebrew, is a Briton so brave that the King shakes his hand and pins the V.C. to his breast. But the proprietor of the Grand Restaurant, Leeds, will not serve him with a cup of coffee. What says Leeds to this? And what say the customers of the Grand Restaurant to this disgrace to Yorkshire hospitality?

A Mother Beautiful.

Mrs. Mary Elliott, of Cleethorpes, is the proud mother of seven gallant sons, all on active service. You will not be surprised to hear that, "every time a letter or telegram comes," she feels nervous. God bless her brave heart! She "fears it may be bad news from the front." Well, the other night a boy brought a telegram. She lit the gas to read the message, tore open the envelope with trembling fingers, and—joy of joys—found her sailor son was coming home that night! The wire "finished with the word 'hungry,'" says that splendid woman, and she "was so excited bustling about to get a meal ready for him that"—she forgot to draw the curtains. And a heartless Bench "imposed a fine of 5s." We do hope there was somebody in Court with enough good feeling to pay the fine for her—a mother whom Cleethorpes and the country should take to their hearts.

The Lucky Irish.

Any young Irishmen in or near London, or men with Irish connections, if in doubt about their duty just now, can receive full assurance on the point by applying to Captain Thrussell, at the Headquarters of the London Irish Rifles, the Duke of York's School, Sloane Square. The London Irish is a popular and a famous regiment—and it wants men. They call its boys "the Lucky Irish" at the Front, and they are on the spot like Irishmen whenever there is fun or a fight. "We want men," says Captain Thrussell, "to realise that their duty to their homes and the dear ones therein is to go out and finish off the German brute before he gets here." Any lad going out with the London Irish goes in good company.

Don't wait for the Zeppelins. Insure now. See page ii of cover.

ALL'S WELL!

GERMANY IS WHACKED—THUMBS UP!—BE IN AT THE DEATH!

By the Editor.

By the time this issue is in the hands of the public, the Prime Minister will have told us all about the war; that is to say, he will have told us, in his own skilful lawyer fashion, how the politicians have *not* muddled up things—and, for the rest, he will have told us as much as he can remember—and as much as he feels he dare—of what Kitchener and Joffre have recently told him. And all the papers will have had leading articles on his "great speech"—and there you are!

Now, with every respect to the Prime Minister—for whom I have always entertained an affectionate regard—and to his Ministerial colleagues, I am going to ask you to ignore everything the politicians say about the war. They know nothing about it. They didn't know it was coming; they don't know how it is going on—or how, or when, it will end. To be quite plain, and risking your displeasure, I am disposed to think that one man only, and that is General Joffre, really knows very much about it. He is in supreme command of the Allied Forces in the field, and, of necessity, he has been studying and preparing for the thing for years. Everyone else—even Lord Kitchener himself—is subordinate to him; and I was delighted to know that he was in London last week, conferring with our War Minister—and the Prime Minister.

The Premier's Difficulty.

Let us hope, therefore, that we *may* get some inspiriting news. But I am very apprehensive of these official statements. Just recall some of them. A year ago the German navy was to be dug out of the Kiel Canal "like rats out of their holes"; if the Zepps. came they were to be greeted "with a swarm of hornets in the skies"; six months ago we were practically through the Dardanelles—"within a few miles of the greatest triumph of the war"; the principal Balkan States were coming in with us; then Russia had spent herself and had made her "final contribution" towards the cause of the Allies; the Prime Minister himself told us that the statement that we were short of munitions was a lie; *then* we appointed a Minister of Munitions to deal with the shortage. And so I could continue. And yet an expectant world will hang upon the Premier's words, and swallow them as a babe at the breast swallows its mother's milk. Silly, simple public!

All's Well.

Now, I have never yet assumed the *role* of military expert. But why shouldn't I do so? After all, every other writer on the war does, and so does every politician. So here goes: To begin with, *all is well.* "What about the Balkans?" you ask. Well, as I said the other day, "*Blow* the Balkans!" And if John Bull were not, in these days, a family paper, I would say something stronger. With the exception of Greece, where the blood relationship between the Queen and the Kaiser would always have been a difficulty, all the other Balkan States would have succumbed at the first sight of Britain's—*cheque book.* They are always for sale; and that is why I used to laugh at the dear old cranks who called themselves, in days gone by, the Balkan Committee—but that by the way. As regards Greece, the policy was equally simple. *Greece has a very accessible coast line.* Twig? Oh, these politicians! But, all said and done, nothing which happens in the Balkans will have the faintest bearing on the outcome of the war; the whole thing is a theatrical display on the part of Germany for the purpose of bucking up the drooping spirits of its people and impressing the naughty neutral nations. There you have it. It's a long way from Constantinople to India—and very uphill! Meanwhile, in the real, main theatre of war we have the measure of the enemy. Aided by the British reinforcements—and a plentiful supply of concentrated "laughing gas"—General Joffre ought soon to have the Huns on the run—and once having got them across the Rhine, the war is over. That is what we are going to do; that is the objective of the Great Offensive now in progress—(I hope I am not arousing any jealousy on the part of my brother pen experts by my facility of technical expression)—and if you will just look at this rough sketch—[What's that, Mr. Printer—"No sketches, thank you"?—Very well, then; we'll leave out the sketch]—but if you will just take a common-sense view of the situation, you will realise that it is in France and Belgium and Russia that the war will be determined. And there all is well. So I remain an optimist—a "fatuous optimist," I believe, is the correct phrase, according to our great War Expert, my Right Hon. and otherwise much-esteemed friend, Mr. Lloyd George. But as he has told us that he was taken "altogether by surprise" when the war broke out, and as, moreover, on the very eve of hostilities, he was expressing the view that the time was ripe for reducing our army and navy, he must forgive me if I do not bow the knee to him when he assumes the mantle of a military prophet. *All is well.*

The Dismal Jimmies Confounded.

Consider how all the prophesies of disaster have been falsified. Paris was to have fallen over a year ago—but is still intact. Calais was doomed—but is now a principal military base; and the same remark applies to Boulogne. Dover and the East Coast were to be invaded—but are now indifferent to the danger. Only poor, valiant little Belgium has gone—but, given treachery and Treaty violation, that was inevitable, *for a time;* and Russian Poland has been evacuated. On the other hand, Germany has lost her African colonies and her Chinese port; she has lost several million men—and *she is on the verge of famine.* And if only the Government had utilised